

THE STATE JOURNAL.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF TOPEKA

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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Weather Indications.

WASHINGTON, August 9.—Forecast until 8 p. m., Friday: For Kansas—Fair, cooler in eastern portion Friday morning; south winds becoming variable.

The cholera has reached England and Dr. Dykes is trembling with abject fear.

Arrive this congress on authority will be complete without its sugar quotations.

It is unnecessary to say that Senator Allen's bill to prevent professional lobbying will never pass the senate.

Of course the conferees will agree "tomorrow," as the dispatches always announce, for tomorrow never comes.

The only way for the Populists or any other political party to carry a southern state is to fuse with the Democrats.

The senate is planning to get even with the president for that letter, by putting a duty on his Nova Scotia coal.

The Wellman party succeeds in communicating mightily easily with the outside world for people who are lost on an ice floe.

About the only work this congress has done has been to investigate the acts of federal judges and a little more might not be amiss.

The reason ministers take vacations in summer is because they can't make men believe the place where the wicked go is any worse than where they are.

It is considered quite proper according to French anarchist etiquette to ask a woman to intercede in behalf of the man who murdered her husband.

From the way the Chinese run in every battle it would seem that that country doesn't believe it can lose millions of men and never feel it, whatever outside nations may think.

The commissioners of the District of Columbia and the citizens of Washington provided for the sending home of several bands of commensalists. Have they no power over congress?

KOLB complains that the Democrats stole the state from him. He ran for governor once before, and ought to know how southern elections are carried, so he has no one to blame but himself.

A FEDERAL judge has decided that when Indians hold lands in severalty they have the right to buy liquor just like any American citizen. The civilization of the Indian is indeed not far off.

The band of vigilantes in Colorado intended to "take care of" the governor himself if they thought he needed it. The greatest punishment they could have given him would have been to sew up his mouth.

Ten thousand people have petitioned to have Olney's acts investigated with a view to his impeachment. It would make little difference whether 10,000,000 people wanted him impeached if the senate did the trying of the case.

The members of the Colorado vigilance committee pledged their "sacred honor" to resist officers and mete out punishment according to their own will. If that kind of sacred honor is all that held them, it is not surprising the thing has been given away.

Miss EMMA F. BATES of North Dakota secured the Republican nomination for state superintendent by promising to marry her most formidable opponent if he would get off the track. Some people still contend though that women would be failures in politics.

Dr. P. DAUGHERTY of the state board of health, who lives at Junction City says he thoroughly inspected thirteen counties last summer with that \$200 he got from the cholera fund and would like to do it again this year. This is a campaign year, doctor, and inspections at so much per inspect are dangerous.

The position of ex-Senator Ingalls and John M. Brown on the Negro problem has been endorsed by some of the Republicans of Texas. A resolution advocating the colonization of the colored people in Mexico was introduced at the recent state convention, but was killed in the committee.

WHISKY AND BONDS.

The traffic in whisky has been very spirited recently in anticipation of the passage of the pending tariff which increases the tax from 9 cents a gallon to \$1.20. The bill provides that the new rate shall go into effect sixty days from its passage, which will place future products of the distilleries at a decided disadvantage. In fact they can not be sold at all while the old stock lasts, if it be all taken out of bond.

The amount of whisky in the bonded warehouses before the rush set in to get it out was not far from 125,000,000 gallons. The revenue tax due the government on this vast accumulation at ninety cents a gallon would be \$112,500,000. If the Wilson bill should be the means of causing this large sum to be paid into the treasury, it will not be an unmixed evil. The collection of so large a sum would obviate the necessity for another issue of bonds to meet current expenses for some time to come. Nobody was deceived by Mr. Carlisle's claim that the recent issue of bonds was for the purpose of maintaining the gold reserve, because the gold reserve has not been maintained and the most of the proceeds of those bonds has been used to defray current expenses of the government.

If the new tariff bill should fail to become a law, then with the large quantity of whisky being released from bond, thrown upon the market, the business of distilling must of necessity prove unprofitable for some years as the consumption amounts to only about \$5,000,000 gallons a year. So in either event the government can hope for but little revenue from this source for some time after the present stock has been paid out.

The Democratic party is beginning to hear from the people. The defeat of Congressman Breckinridge for renomination in Arkansas has been followed by that of Congressman Stone in Kentucky and Congressman Cabbess in Georgia. Each of these gentlemen had represented his district in the house continuously for a number of years. Their defeat at this time is traceable directly to their attitude on the silver question. The people are determined to have a hearing on the question of free coinage of the white metal—a question which concerns them more nearly than any other. They know what they want and all the tariff tinkering and long winded speeches of the present congress have not served to blind their eyes to the real issue.

G. A. LAUBENGAYER writes to the Salina Republican: "I believe in the motto of these four words 'stand up for Kansas,' and think we should wear 'stand up for Kansas' badges as they did in Marion county two years ago. What was the result? They elected the Republican ticket from top to bottom." Mr. Laubengayer doesn't seem to know that the wearing of those badges was not confined to Marion county and that the result was not so happy in other parts of the state as in the county mentioned.

A WASHINGTON dispatch states that the president's private secretary has been practicing in the use of firearms and attends his master in all his drives in the capacity of a body guard. Let's see; there is an old adage which says something about the guilty fleeing when there is no one in pursuit.

SENATOR HILL's bill for the banishment of anarchists has passed the senate. If it should become a law it will afford a much surer method of overcoming the Populists than the cumbersome and sometimes difficult one of out-voting them.

THE Democratic majorities in some places in Alabama were larger than the total number of votes cast. The Democratic party in Alabama is evidently in its old form.

TOPEKA VETS TO GO.

Half a Car Load of Veterans to Attend the Encampment at Pittsburg.

Lincoln Post G. A. R. will probably be well represented at the national encampment at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, beginning the 9th of next month. No official arrangements have been made, but members of the post talk of getting up a private party which shall consist of twenty or thirty congenial spirits. It is proposed to charter a tourist car, that they can have all to themselves during the entire trip and make a home of it. All the necessary comforts will be taken along. There will be plenty of cigars, high five decks and—order.

It is thought that there will be very little trouble in getting up the required number. The fare as it now stands is \$21.25, and the soldiers think that if several of them go in a body that would otherwise not go, it will make it not only pleasanter all around but some cheaper. They are going to try it, anyway. They expect to leave Topeka—if they go—on the 9th of September. Comrade John F. Carter is at the bottom of the scheme.

THE FATAL FOLDING BED.

How It Caused the Death of Mr. McDowell at Arkansas City.

The dispatch from Arkansas City a day or two ago relating the folding bed accident resulting in the death of De Witt McDowell, has caused a great deal of anxiety among folding bed users all over the state. The bed did not shut up, but the head fell over on Mr. and Mrs. McDowell. Mrs. McDowell had been in the habit of fixing the bed, and she understood the workings of the brace, and never had any trouble with it before. Sunday evening Mr. McDowell got the bed ready, and Mrs. McDowell told him to see if the lock had caught. He made an examination and said it was all right. The lock is self-acting, and when the bed opens it locks itself. Mr. McDowell did not know this, so when asked about the lock he threw the catch out of place, thinking he was throwing it in. When they got into bed it fell over on them.

THE LATEST VERSION.

An Unpublished Chapter From "Chips That Pass in the Night."

The disagreeable man was a mere shadow, yet he easily filled two seats in the electric car. His paper, which he read continually, occupied the space of another seat.

No one spoke to him, but he didn't give a hang or a cuss or a continental darn whether they did or not. He was waiting. The bell sounded two weary strokes. Bernardine entered the car with a preoccupied air. It was all she had, for she was poor. Her clothes were dusty, and she was hot. So was the day.

She reached the front of the car and dropped into a seat. It was the disagreeable man's paper's seat. He partially looked up in complete surprise. No one had ever done that before.

"Room for one more on the left, please," called the knight of the fairy tale. The disagreeable man did not move.

"Did you hear what he said?" asked Bernardine.

"I hear what you say," replied the disagreeable man.

"Then I say what he said," she went on.

The disagreeable man was lost in thought. He was thinking of her. "Does she mean me?" he asked himself. She was the only girl who had ever made him think.

In fact, he thought twice. His second offense was, "If it were not for the promise to my mother to stay out after dark while she is alive, I would see this girl home." And still he waited.

The conductor came to collect the fares. The disagreeable man paid for both. "Haven't you better let me cash up now?" asked Bernardine, making a bluff to find her pocket.

"Yes," he answered. "Five cents, please."

Bernardine was surprised, but she was game. That was one on Bernardine. They rode for a long time in silence. At last a Polish-Jewish widow entered the car. Bernardine moved along to give her a seat.

"Why did you do that?" asked the disagreeable man in a huff. "When you have a thing in this world, you want to freeze it to for yourself."

"You don't understand," was the calm reply. "I have a philosophy of life."

"You're next thing to a fool," he said. Bernardine was beginning to thaw. He was not like other men. His noble frankness pleased her. But she could not resist the temptation.

"Don't call yourself hard names," she said.

That was one on the disagreeable man. But he smiled the 4 by 6 snubbed smile of his and lapsed into silence.

Yes, he would see her home. He was sure his mother could not have lived through the hot day that was now drawing to a close. So it was all right.

He helped her from the car.

"Stop squeezing my hand," she said. That settled it. He was sure he loved her now.

But he was polite. "Don't flatter yourself," he said. "Talk about hands! I held four queens last night."

That was one too much for Bernardine. She knew he was her Jack—the Jack of her heart.

Just then they stopped near a lamp-post. The disagreeable man noticed for the first time that her eyebrows were black and her hair of a delicate hempen gold.

Then he realized the truth. It was as if a herculean hand had struck him.

And so Bernardine dyed.

He pulled himself together, turned silently from her and started home to his mother.—Boston Budget.

Forgot His Name.

Dr. Beverly Cole is very absentminded. Though he has a wonderful faculty for recollecting faces, he can never remember a name or date, and this weakness causes him endless embarrassment.

He always calls in person at the branch postoffice for his mail, and the postal clerk hands it out without a word, as he knows the doctor. Cole went to the office recently, and there was a new face at the window. He stopped, and after a few moments' pause inquired:

"Any mail for me?"

"What name, please?"

"Let me see—ah," and he racked his brain, but the name had escaped him. In confusion he walked to and fro in the office and was on the point of going home in despair when he saw a friend coming.

"Ah, now I have it," he said to himself. "He'll call me by name."

"How are you, doctor?" was the friend's greeting. The doctor went to the office wouldn't speak to him. Finally he turned, and seizing the acquaintance by the arm demanded:

"What in the devil is my name anyway?"

"What's the matter with you? Are you crazy?"

"No, but my name has escaped me."

"Haven't you any of your carols?"

"By Jove, I never thought of that."

He hastily flashed out his cardcase, and drawing out a pasteboard card he eagerly said:

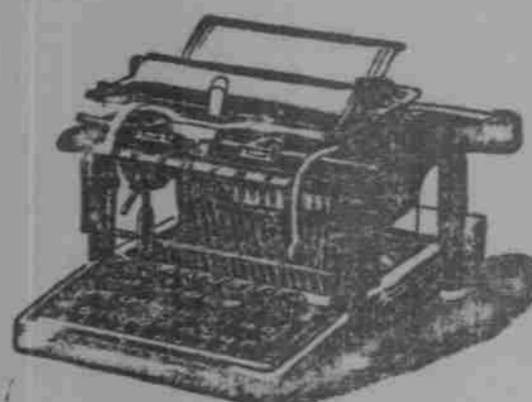
"Cole, Beverly Cole. That's it," and he got his mail.—San Francisco Post.

Rapid Transit.



She—How did you get on with your riding lesson?
He—I did not get on at all. I got off.—Once a Week.

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A Stickler For Etiquette.

Talleyrand, like most diplomats, was famous for his attention to the details of etiquette. He prided himself on an ability to adjust his mode of address to the rank and position of the person to whom he was speaking.

On one occasion, when a number of distinguished men were dining with him, he varied his formula when inviting them to partake of beef in such a manner as to suit the rank of the respective persons.

"May I have the honor of sending your royal highness a little beef?" he asked a prince of the blood.

"To a duke he said, 'Monsieur, permit me to send you a little beef.'"

"Marquis," he continued, "may I send you some beef?"

"Viscount, pray have a little beef."

"Baron, do you take beef?" ran the next interrogation.

"Monsieur," he said to an untitled gentleman, "some beef?"

To his secretary he remarked casually, "Beef!"

But there was one gentleman left who deserved even less consideration than the secretary, and Talleyrand, polishing his knife in the air, favored him with a mere look of interrogation. If this guest was possessed of an independent spirit, one can imagine that he did not take beef that day.—Life's Calendar.

Too Easy.



Lady (who finds all the bathing houses occupied)—Never mind. I'll come back later on.

Attendant (putting his eye to a knot-hole)—"Old on, mum, 'ere's a lady almost ready to come out."

Lady decides she won't occupy that house.—Pick Me Up.

Household Economy.

"Have you taken up your carpets this spring?" asked one neighbor of another.

"No. I don't take them up. I've reckoned it this way. Carpets will last 10 years anyhow if you let 'em alone, but if I cleaned and beat them my back wouldn't last more than two years. I've decided to let the wear and tear come on the carpets."—Youth's Companion.

A Fair Question.

Judge—This gentleman charges you with stealing his bull, pup valued at \$75. What have you to say?

Prisoner—Well, Judge, do you honestly think that a man who's fool enough to pay \$75 for a snub nosed, pig eyed little brute like that has got sense enough to know his own dog when he sees him?—Good News.

Domestic Scene.

Wife—I mended the hole in your waistcoat pocket last night after you had gone to bed. I am a careful little woman, am I not?

Husband—Yes, but how did you know there was a hole in my waistcoat pocket?—Journal de Douai.

Her Wining Ignorance.

She—I see by the paper that the Vigilant is very slow in stays.

He—That is so, but what about it? She (musingly)—I was wondering whether she would be any faster if she took them off.—New York World.

Uses of Summer Schools.

Little Brother—What are these summer schools that folks talk about?

Little Sister—Oh, they are places where schoolteachers go every vacation to study up so we won't get ahead of them.—Good News.

An Unpleasant Position.

"Had you a good place at the theater last night?"

"A wretched one. I sat next to my tailor."—Truth.

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